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1844

# Marion Day

Edward L. White

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# MARION DAY

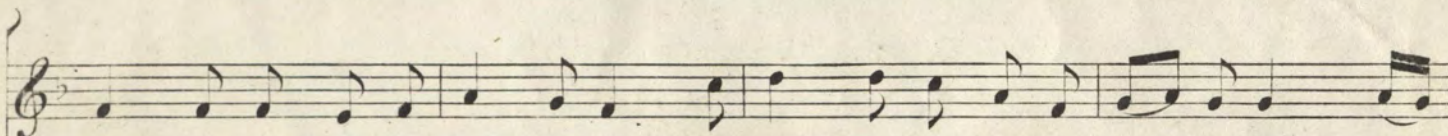
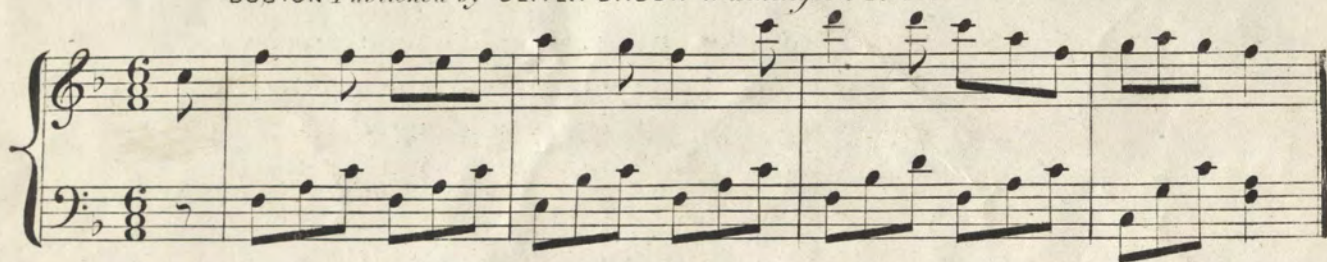
*Words & Melody by*

**MRS. MARION DIX SULLIVAN**

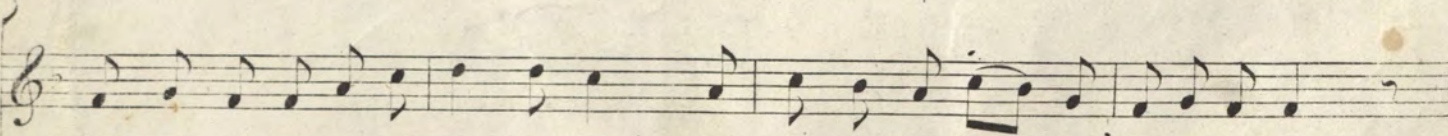
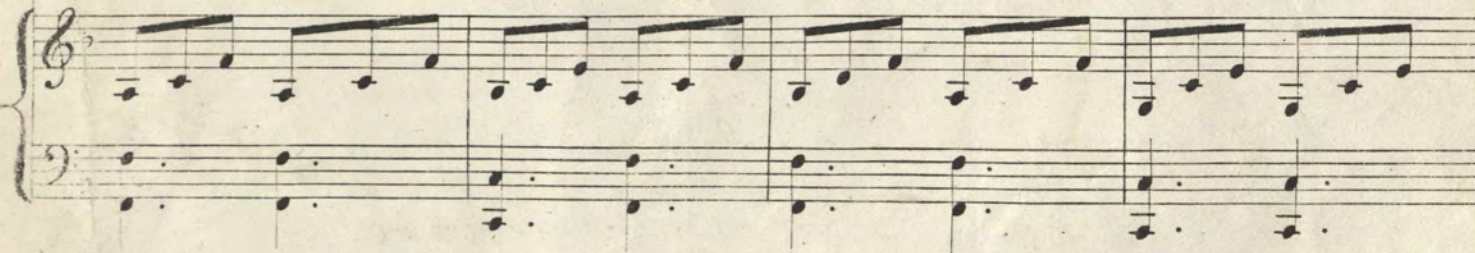
*Arranged for the Piano Forte by*

**EDWARD L. WHITE.**

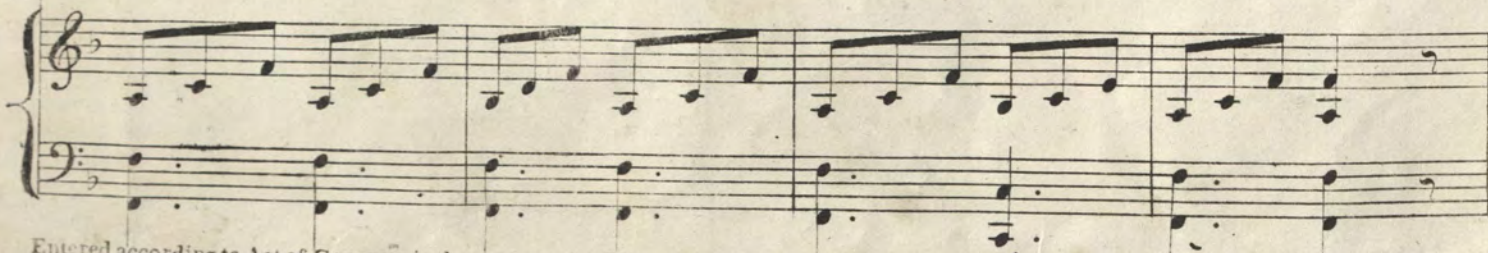
BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON *Washington Street*



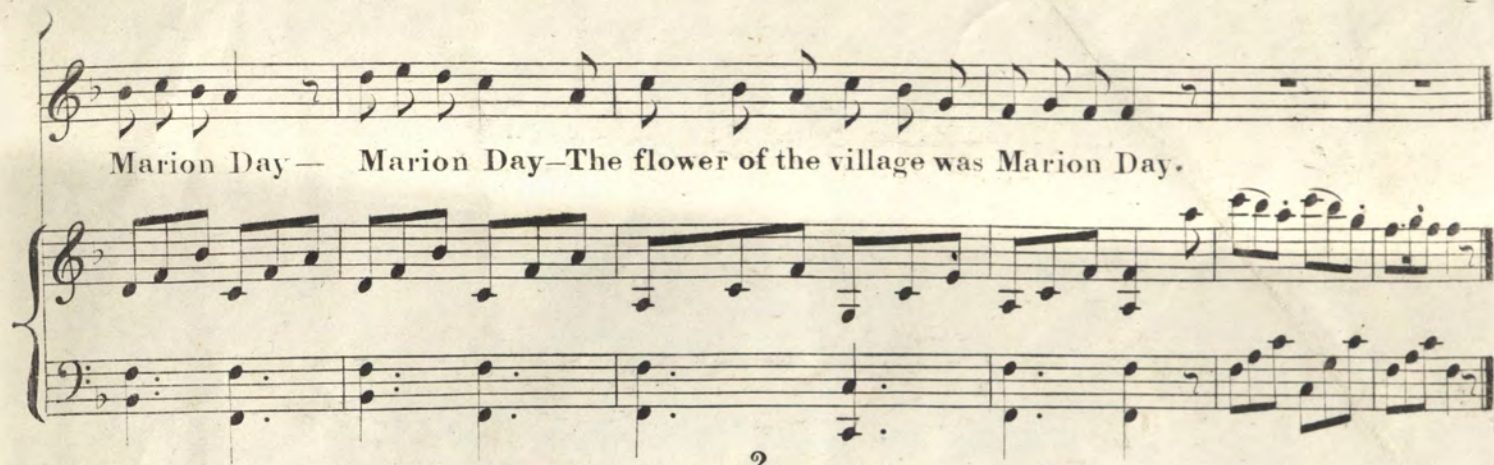
Soft and mild, was the beaming eye, As blue and clear as the Summer sky, And



light was the gossamer ringlets' play That shaded the brow of Marion Day.







Glad were the notes of her mountain song,  
As swept the chords her hand along,  
And clearly responded the mandoline gay  
To the white little fingers of Marion Day.

Marion Day— Marion Day—  
The birds came to listen to Marion Day.

3

She lived like the bird of the wild greenwood,  
A maiden so innocent, merry, and good,  
So happily glided her youth away,  
'Till trouble came down upon Marion Day.

Marion Day— Marion Day—  
A sorrowing orphan was Marion Day.

4

Now far away from that valley green,  
She has gone to sing to her mandoline;  
Away from home, and from friends away,  
She sings to the stranger, now, Marion Day;

Marion Day— Marion Day—  
A mournful wanderer is Marion Day.

5

The gloss is gone from her auburn hair,  
The snowy forehead is lined with care,  
She sings in the halls of the rich and the gay,  
Though sad and weary is Marion Day;

Marion Day— Marion Day—  
The stranger listens to Marion Day.

6

She often pours on the careless ear,  
Notes that the wild bird would linger to hear,  
But life and hope—they are passing away,  
With the form and the carol of Marion Day.

Marion Day— Marion Day—  
To her home she is hastening, Marion Day.



